NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Corresponding Editor.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1848. WHOLE NUMBER 432.

VOLUME IX.---NO. 16.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY THE AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY At 142 Nassau Street New York.

☞All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed in the Editor.

☞Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum: Strictly in vance in all cases.

Selections.

MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH.

Delivered at Marshfield September 1st, 1848.

GENTLEMEN: Although it is not my purpose during the recess of Congress, to address public assemblies on political subjects, I have felt it my duty to comply with your request, as neighbors and townsmen, and to meet you to-day. I am not unwilling to avail myself of this occasion to signify to the people of the United States my opinions upon the present state of our public affairs. I shall perform that duty certainly on the first favorable occasion. I hope to conduct. It is not my purpose to-day to attempt to assay any point—to set as any man's advocate— to put up or put down anybody. I wish, and I purpose, to address you in the language and in the spirit of conference and consultation. In the present extraordinary state of political concerns, I think it right to hold no man's conscience but my own. My own opinions I shall communicate freely and fearlessly, with regard to the opinions of others, whether they respect myself or respect others. We are on the eve of a highly important Presidential election. In two or three months the citizens of this country will be called upon to elect a President of the United States; and all see and all feel that great interests of the country are to be affected, for good or evil, by the results of that election. Of the interesting subjects over which the person who shall be elected must necessarily exercise a control, some are internal, these are especially three, vitally connected, in my judgment, with the honour and happiness of the country.

In the first place the honour and happiness of the country imperatively require that there shall be a chief magistrate elected who will not plunge us into the farther wars of ambition and conquest. In my judgment the interests of the country and the feeling of it must imperatively require that a President of these United States should be elected who will neither use official influence to promote, nor who feels any desire on his part to promote, the further extension of Slavery in this community, (great cheering,) or the further influence of it in the public councils.

In the third place, I think we may also estimate—if an experience (not now a short one) in public affairs has enabled me to know anything of what the public prosperity demands—in the third place I say that the state of the country does require an essential reform in the system of revenue and finance, such as will promote the prosperity, by promoting the industry and fostering the labour of the country in its various branches.

There are other things important. I will not allude to them. What is the choice to be made? There are three candidates presented to the choice of the American people: General Taylor is the Whig candidate—standing upon the Philadelphia and Whig Convention. General Cass is the candidate of the opposing and now dominant party in the country; and lately, and unexpectedly, the son of Mr. Van Buren, by a Convention of fellow-citizens assembled at Buffalo, whose object—or whose main object—appears to be, as far as I am satisfied in one of these considerations which I have mentioned; and that is the prevention of the farther increase of Slavery. I am not a delegate to the party of these men, so far as that goes, entirely concur with them. I am sure. Most of us who are here to-day are Whigs—Old Whigs of Massachusetts—Whigs of the Old Colony Whigs, and Marshfield Whigs; (cheers,) and if the Whig nomination made at Philadelphia were entirely unobjectionable to the Whigs of Massachusetts and to us, our path of duty would be plain.

The nomination of a candidate for the presidency made by the Whig Convention at Philadelphia, is not satisfactory to the Whigs of Massachusetts; that is certain; and it will be idle to attempt to conceal the fact. In one more past and more patriotic to take facts as they are, and things as they are, and declare our own conviction of duty from what exists before us. Mr. Taylor never was a party man, except in the line of his own profession, or however estimable as a private citizen, Gen. Taylor is a military man, and a military man merely. He has had no training in civil affairs. He has performed no functions of a civil nature under the Constitution of his country. He has been a gallant officer, and he has had a brilliant achievements at the head of an army. Now the Whigs of Massachusetts, and I suppose them, are of opinion that it was not wise, nor safe, nor good for the army for the selection of a candidate for the President of the United States. It is the first instance in the history of the country in which military character has been proposed for that high office. Washington was a great military character, but he by a greater character, the character of a statesman, employed in the councils of his country from the earliest dawn of the Revolution—he had been in the Continental Congress—he had been employed in the Government, with wisdom and judgment. After the war, as you know, he was elected a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution, and by the unanimous vote of all he was one of the most honourable tributes paid to him, that by that assembly of good and wise men he was selected to preside over their deliberations. And he put his name first and foremost to the Constitution under which we live. President Harrison was bred a soldier, and all his first period of life he performed important military services. But President Harrison, nevertheless, was for a much greater period of his life employed in civil than in military service. For twenty years, he was either Governor of the Territory, member of one or the other Houses of Congress, or Minister—to say and discharged all these duties to the satisfaction of his country.

This case, therefore, stands by itself; without precedent or justification in the history of our country in this respect. It is on this account, as I imagine, that the Whigs of Massachusetts feel dissatisfied with this nomination. These are the reasons which induce many—they are, perhaps, of less importance and more easily to be answered. If I may venture to use a mercantile expression, it is the general opinion of us that there is another side to this account. The impartiality with which I propose to discharge my duty to-day leads me to mention it. It is in the next place, I am to be considered that Gen. Taylor has been nominated by a Whig Convention, held in conformity with the usages of the Whig party. The Whig party fairly nominated, so far as I know. It is to be considered, also, that he is the only Whig before the people, as a candidate for the Presidency; and the citizens of the country with any effect can vote for any other Whig, let his preferences be what they might or may be.

In the next place, it is proper to consider the personal character of Gen. Taylor and his political opinions, relations, and connexions, so far as I have known. And I shall proceed, in advancing to a few observations on this part of the case, I wish everybody so understand that I have no personal acquaintance whatever with Gen. Taylor. I never saw him but once, and that but for a few moments in the Senate. The sources of information are open to you as well as to me, from which I derive what I know of his character and opinions. But I have endeavoured to obtain access to those sources. I have endeavoured to inform and instruct myself by communication with those who have known him in his profession as a soldier, in his associations as a man, in his conversations and opinions on political subjects; and I will tell you frankly what I think of him, according to the best lights which I have been able to obtain. I need not say that he is a skilful, brave, and gallant soldier. That is admitted by all.—With me, all that goes but very little way to make out the proper qualifications for President of the United States. But what is more important, I believe that he is entirely honest and upright man. I believe that he is independent, that he is independent and manly character, possessing a mind and temper of proper discipline and self-control. I believe that he is entirely capable of estimating all the relations of private life. I believe that he possesses a sound conscience, equity and fair judgment, which gives him an influence over all those under his command, beyond what is conferred by the authority of office. I believe that he is a man possessing the confidence and attachment of all who have been near him and know him. So much for what I think of the personal character of Gen. Taylor. I will say, too, that, so far as I have observed, his conduct since he has been a candidate for the office of President has been irreproachable. I hear no intrigue imputed to him, no combinations against rival. I do not find him making promises, or holding out hopes to any men or any party. I do not find him pledging himself to measures of any own, and therefore I think of him very much as he has conducted himself—that he is an honest man, of an independent mind, and of good intentions.

And so his qualifications for the Presidency, he is understanding is sure and more to say about it.

And now, friends and fellow-citizens, with respect in his political opinions and relations, I can say at once, that I believe him to be a Whig; I believe him to be a Whig in principle, and I believe him to be a Whig by habit. To think otherwise, would be to impute to him a degree of tergiversation and fraudulent deception which I am unwilling to do, and which I consider incapable. Gentlemen, it is worth your while to consider in what measure Gen. Taylor has become a candidate for the office of President of the United States. It would be a great mistake to suppose that he was made such merely by the nomination of the Philadelphia Convention. He was a candidate before for the Presidency in a great many States, by various conventions and meetings of the people, a year before the Philadelphia Convention assembled. The circumstances the whole history of the world shows, whether in the most civilized or most barbarous ages, the effective, successful election of men to high trust and power has usually carried away toward successful military achievements; all history proves this. And we know in the case now before us, that as soon as his brilliant success had attended Gen. Taylor's operations on the Rio Grande, Palo Alto, and other places, spontaneous nominations were made of him.

And here let me say, that generally these were Whig nominations. Not universally, but generally, these nominations, in various States, before the assemblage of the Philadelphia Convention—generally these were Whig nominations. General Taylor was not even supported, in the first instance, on military achievements brought him into public notice, as a Whig General—you all remember that when you spoke of Buena Vista you spoke of victory, upon the question of giving thanks to the army under his command to himself, among other questions, the friends and supporters of Mr. Polk's Administration denounced him as being, and because he was a Whig General. My friends near me, whom I am happy to see too, [hanging on the lips of the Representative, will remember that a leading man of the party of the Administration declared in his place in Congress, that the glorious victory of Buena Vista consumed that the Mexican War would never prosper till the President recalled those Whig Generals, Scott and Taylor.

Now, gentlemen, this is a matter of public notoriety. I cannot state, that the men, to carry out this policy should be Democratic men. The officers, to fight the battles, and conquer the provinces—[cries of Buena Vista] the ground, the ordinary rule of thanks was refused to Gen. Taylor on the part of the friends of the Administration, and the Democratic members of Congress of the Mexican War would never prosper till the President recalled those Whig Generals, Scott and Taylor.

The gentlemen at Buffalo have placed at the head of their party Mr. Van Buren, a gentlemen for whom I have been accustomed that I should entertain for one with whom I have been associated in some degree, in public life for many years. But, very frankly, I must say, that I should think that it would be [laughter] to set up the claims of Mr. Van Buren to the office of President, upon the ground of his political opinions. I must say that I should think it [laughter] to set up the claims of Mr. Van Buren to the office of President, upon the ground of his political opinions on any question—and most especially that question which has agitated the public, and scene would border upon the ludicrous, if not upon the contemptible. I never proposed anything in the line of general and public policy which Mr. Van Buren did not oppose. Nor has it happened to me to support any important measure that he did not oppose. I do not like to find myself in public life? I pray to know who is to inspire into my breast a more resolute and fixed determination to resist the introduction of slavery into any slave power than has inhabited it since I, for the first time, opened my mouth in the councils of the country? [Tremendous cheering.]

The gentlemen at Buffalo have placed at the head of their party Mr. Van Buren, a gentlemen for whom I have been accustomed that I should entertain for one with whom I have been associated in some degree, in public life for many years. But, very frankly, I must say, that I should think that it would be [laughter] to set up the claims of Mr. Van Buren to the office of President, upon the ground of his political opinions on any question—and most especially that question which has agitated the public, and scene would border upon the ludicrous, if not upon the contemptible. I never proposed anything in the line of general and public policy which Mr. Van Buren did not oppose. Nor has it happened to me to support any important measure that he did not oppose. I do not like to find myself in public life? I pray to know who is to inspire into my breast a more resolute and fixed determination to resist the introduction of slavery into any slave power than has inhabited it since I, for the first time, opened my mouth in the councils of the country? [Tremendous cheering.]

The gentlemen at Buffalo have placed at the head of their party Mr. Van Buren, a gentlemen for whom I have been accustomed that I should entertain for one with whom I have been associated in some degree, in public life for many years. But, very frankly, I must say, that I should think that it would be [laughter] to set up the claims of Mr. Van Buren to the office of President, upon the ground of his political opinions on any question—and most especially that question which has agitated the public, and scene would border upon the ludicrous, if not upon the contemptible. I never proposed anything in the line of general and public policy which Mr. Van Buren did not oppose. Nor has it happened to me to support any important measure that he did not oppose. I do not like to find myself in public life? I pray to know who is to inspire into my breast a more resolute and fixed determination to resist the introduction of slavery into any slave power than has inhabited it since I, for the first time, opened my mouth in the councils of the country? [Tremendous cheering.]

Now, fellow-citizens, if we were weighing the propriety of nominating such a person to the Presidency, it would be one thing; if we were considering the expediency of it, it would be another, (which to some minds may seem to be the case,) by well meaning and patriotic Whigs to support him after he is nominated, if he is nominated by others. And that leads to the consideration of what the Whigs of Massachusetts care to do, or such of them as do not see fit to support Gen. Taylor. Of course they must vote for Gen. Cass; or they must vote for Van Buren; or they must omit to vote at all. I agree that there are cases in which, if we do not know in what direction to move, we ought to stand still till we do. I admit there are cases in which, if we feel to know what to do, we had better not do we know not what. But on a question so important to ourselves and the country, on a question of a popular election under constitutional forms in which it is impossible that every man's private judgment can prevail, or every man's private choice succeed, it behoves us to look to ourselves, to our own sense of patriotism, what it is best to do upon the whole. And that leads to the consideration which should influence the Whigs, in my opinion, upon the question now before us. Under the practical administration of the Constitution of the United States, there cannot be a President elected who is entirely free in regard to the candidate for the Presidency. In order that their party may be effective, men must give them for some one of these two great prominent parties for office. This is the necessary result of our forms of Government, and from the provisions of the Constitution. And it does not follow, by any means, that there is a necessity of choosing between candidates, neither of whom would be their original personal choice.

Now, gentlemen, in my opinion, upon the question before us, the alternative presented to the Whigs of Massachusetts? In my judgment, fellow-citizens, it is merely one: Whig principles, or Whig men. Whig men and Gen. Cass. And that is the whole of it. [Great cheering.] Cass am no more skilled to foresee political occurrences, than other men. I have only for myself to say, that, in my opinion, there is not the least probability of any result than the choice of Gen. Taylor or Gen. Cass. I know that no embarkation of a new-formed party—that the popularity of a new-started candidate, out communicating any new-formed idea, [enthusiasm] may [illegible] and that the sky is to fall, and the larks are suddenly to be taken. I see nothing no such expectations. I speak, without disrespect to any one, when I have read their platform and though I think there are some [illegible] I can stand on it pretty well. But I see nothing in it new or novel in principle. What is new is old, and what is new is not valuable. If the term Free Soil Party, or Free Soil Men, designate me who is fixed and unalterable in his opposition to the extension of Slavery—is so to-day and was so yesterday, and has been so for some time, [laughter]—then I hold myself to be one of the Free Soil Party, and of the Buffalo Convention. [Much clapping.] I pray to know who is to put beneath my feet a freer soil than that upon which I have been accustomed to stand in public life? I pray to know who is to inspire into my breast a more resolute and fixed determination to resist the introduction of slavery into any slave power than has inhabited it since I, for the first time, opened my mouth in the councils of the country? [Tremendous cheering.]

Gentlemen, in the next sequence in public life with Mr. Van Buren was when he was pressing, with great power, the election of Mr. Crawford to the Presidency, against Mr. J. Adams. Mr. Crawford was not elected and Mr. Adams was. Mr. Van Buren was in the Senate nearly the whole of that Administration, and during a great part of it, he was Governor of the State of New York. It is also notorious, that he was the soul and centre of opposition to him. And at the next election, he went Mr. Adams's election in 1828, and to obtain that Department of State under General Harrison, I found in the conduct of my predecessor many things that I wished otherwise. Did I retire from office in order to secure Mr. Forsyth had said? I took the case as he left it, and conducted it upon the principles which he left. And I should have considered that I disgraced myself, if I had said. "Pray, my Lord Ashburn, we are more rational persons than our predecessors, we are to be considered that we are, and intend to adopt an entirely opposite policy." Gentlemen, I do dear sir, how much more humble and available we, are than our predecessors."

But now, on the question of the extension of the Slave Power, I would by no means do injustice to Mr. Van Buren. If he has come up to some of the requirements of the Buffalo Convention, I am very glad of it. I do not mean to say that there may not be very good reasons for the course which the Democratic candidate pursues to vote for Gen. Cass, to vote for him, because I consider him much the less dangerous of the two. But in truth, [turning to Mr. Van Buren's opponent] President of the United States, I am amazed to find that he should be placed at the head of a party professing to be, beyond all other parties, friends of liberty and enemies of African Slavery in the Southern States. Why, the very firm thing that Mr. Van Buren did after he was President, was to declare that if Congress, in any manner or degree—that if Congress interfered in the least degree with Slavery, he would veto that action; the only instance in which I remember that a President agreed to veto acts before they were passed. "I must go into the Presidential chair," said he, "the inflexible and unalterable opponent of every attempt on the part of Congress to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia against the wishes of the slaveholding States," That is, if Congress pass any law with which I am not pleased, I will meet it with the exercise of his Constitutional power.

In the next place, we know, for I remember that Mr. Van Buren's casting vote was given for a law for a very doubtful purpose, to put it mildly, for masters to open the mails and see if there was any incendiary matter in them, and if so, to destroy it. I do not say that there was not a Constitutional power to pass such a law. Perhaps the Southern statesmen thought it was necessary to protect themselves against insurrections. So far as anything endangers the lives and property of the South, so far I agree, that there may be such legislation in Congress as shall prevent such mischief. But, gentlemen, no man has exercised a more controlling influence on the conduct of his friends in this country than Mr. Van Buren. I take it, that the most important, and one of the most important events in our time, tending to the extension of Slavery and its everlasting establishment on this continent, was the annexation of Texas, in 1844. Where was Mr. Van Buren then? let me ask—three or four years ago—where was he? He was the head of the Democratic or Free Soil Party. He had not been then at the head of the Soil, or Free Soil Party.

Every friend of Mr. Van Buren, so far as I know supported the measure. The two Senators from New York supported, and the members of the House of Representatives from New York opposed [illegible] Allow me to say that nobody resisted but Whigs. And I say in the face of the world, I say in the face of Heaven, that nothing but the fear of being defeated by the Buffalo Convention, I say to all of them, that there has been no party of men, and no party in this country, who have done so much to extend the power and increase the progress of the Slave Power but the Whigs.

Why, look to this very question of the Annexation of Texas. Was it a Whig measure? Was it Whig Power? At least they do—I do not. I do not allow that anybody dictates to me. They talk of the triumph of the Democratic party. Why, that is not a word of truth or reason in the whole of it. I am bound to say, on my conscience, that or all the evils inflicted upon us by those opposite in political opinion or congenest, I should oppose him, let him be nominated by whom he might. I believed that he was a man who would never consent to the Annexation of Texas to the character of the Republic. I stated always, at the time that I thought so. I thought so, as far as I know, and I cannot, therefore, and shall not, oppose his election. At the same time there is no man who is more ready than I am to acknowledge the merits of what he has made. But the declaration that I would not oppose him. The triumph of the Democratic party, was of course subject, in the nature of things, to some exceptions. If I believed him to be a man who would plunge the country into a war of conquest, or of ambition or congenest, I would

to see it extended. It would be a lasting disgrace in this Republic to reintroduce Slavery in countries where it does not now exist. In saying this, I speak only for myself; yet it is my opinion that such would be the general opinion in Louisiana, if the subject should be there discussed and considered. The citizens of that State are, like most other people, attached to their own interests. They do not raise slaves for sale; they do not emigrate to new countries for agricultural pursuits; their soil is as good as can be wished. With more lands than the owners can supply with hands for a century to come, they are purchasers rather than sellers of slaves; hence it is not for their interest to extend the number of slaves, and thereby lower the price of slaves. I believe further, that the whole South would gladly agree that all the slaves should be purchased for the United States Treasury, made free, and sent to the newly acquired territory, and there formed into a separate nation to be governed by themselves, as the great portion of such territory I consider worthless to this nation for any other purpose—or if New and Old England are otherwise so unreasonably set, they should only to send back their ships which brought them South, with the money for which they sold these unfortunate men into bondage, and the present holders would gladly exchange them back. Britain forced them on her colonies, which they resisted to the utmost of their power. This, and those who continue this system of slavery, with very grace, ask their emancipation from those to whom they sold them, without returning the money.

I have resided among these people for the last fourteen years, during all which time I have defended the free-colored inhabitants to the utmost of my ability, without accepting any fees for my services, and have expended every dollar I could afford in experiments to prove to the slaveholders that it would be for their interest to employ free labourers in preference to slaves, and otherwise aid in the cause of freedom. I consider the citizens of Louisiana better fed, clothed, and housed when sick, and happier than the working classes of any other part of the habitable globe; they have not the anxiety of the poor—we are free of quarter-day—can marry and have as many children as they like. All this, however, does not satisfy the fanatics of the North, who think we should abhor the name of freeman for their emancipation. The friends of free soil, as well as the Abolitionists, should read, from the *Delta* newspaper, published at New Orleans on the 27th of August, 1848, the speech herewith, of General Preston, in relation to Mr. Pillmore, delivered at Lexington, Ky. He is one of the most respectable, talented, and worthy citizens of that place, and whose object was to make capital for Gen. Cass.

After reading this speech, let the Free Soil men say whether they will cast off Mr. Pillmore by voting for Mr. Van Buren; they cannot help it by doing so. By voting for Mr. Van Buren, they not only prefer Gen. Cass to Gen. Taylor, but they cast off Mr. Pillmore, and what is of the most important consequence, they cast off the votes. As it does not seem possible, in the present organization of parties, to elect Mr. Van Buren, I would say to all parties, as I would to my own sons, that their domestic enstention, compromise your differences; yield your principles; abstain from all unkind expressions; the talented, and worthy citizens of that place, and whose object was to make capital for Gen. Cass.

How can the Free Soil men, the Abolitionist—and the slaveholder, do this better, than by the support of Gen. Taylor and Mr. Fillmore?

To do any good to the colored people, some practicable plan must be devised to secure to them, in a few years, for freedom at home. Suppose it were possible to turn three or four millions of uneducated free labourers, penniless, at once in this community, what would result? It would be prudent to do so. Would our wives and daughters like to encounter such a mass? Would the German, Irish, and native labourers like that the price of their accustomed occupation? If not, let them beware how they favour any project leading to such a result. And, to these men, I think I have a right to say a word or a long time past, I have opposed such having, during especially as of the adopted citizens, and also in particular know this, and I say to them, if General Taylor should be elected, they will have a President whose benevolence is proverbial, and who will be disposed to aid the oppressed of all nations. To say this emphatically from a personal acquaintance with that good man.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JACOB BARKER.

THE UNION.

No words in our language are more bandied about, just now, than these. "The Union!"—"this Union"—shall it be preserved, or shall it be dissolved?

Our fathers came together and formed a social union. They felt that in union they would be strong; that divided, they would be weak—easily overthrown, and subject to any power that might easily their enslavement. The sympathy which the Indian wars had called forth, continued a sacred pledge, long after victory had been attained. In the French War, the Colonies stood by each other, and when the aggressions of the Mother Country amounted to an intolerable tyranny, then it was, from North to South, that her power was met by the spirit of resistance. After the union of the thirteen States to effect this deliverance, and fix it compact, it seemed impossible that anything short of a miracle, or a revolution would be satisfactory. Every issue to view of what had been accomplished fell, apparently, before the test of selfish. All were anxious to unite upon a basis, sufficiently broad to comprehend the interests of all.

But, notwithstanding this hearty feeling of perpetual alliance, and a strong reluctance to appear suspicious of the integrity of any one member of the Confederacy, an assembly appointed to frame a Constitution; there soon sprang up difficulties, which increased in formidableness the more they were examined, and not until the Articles of Confederation had been ratified, it required the sagacity of the ablest statesmen to explain many of its features, and to unfold its various conceptions; and even then it was not by those who submitted it to the acceptance of the whole people.

It appears, from the history of that time, that no one entertained an idea for a moment, that Slavery was to be a perpetual institution of the country, or any portion of it. It was then felt to be a wrong, and one which would gladly thrown off by those who should feel most aggrieved by it; and in several of the States where the system slightly existed, it was asserted that it should cease. The limits in which the system existed, none of the expounders of the Constitution, not even Mr. Jefferson, ever supposed that it would be or could be extended. Even after it is also been only whispered in the ear of the Representatives from the North, it would have proved an insurmountable barrier in the formation of a Republican Government. And even as things then existed, the union was a union of compromise. It was founded upon the basis of Liberty, and tenderness and sympathy prevailed over cupidity and wrong. Upon this slender thread the hopes of a large portion of the people were suspended, and the colonies of Florida, and cease it the annexation of Texas.

The union of compromise having totally failed to bind together the people, as well as the States, there followed next the union of peace, by which the various other wise disjointed limbs have been kept in a sort of mock play. This union, however, has been, from its nature, a step by step to the union of expediency; and how long this motive is to prevail, a very few years will determine. It must be evident, then, that the only true union, since the ratification of the Constitution, has there been a hearty union between the people of the North and the South—and the very appearance of union has been produced by means of the manufacture of cotton at the North. Had there never been a cotton manufactory at the North, Slavery would either have died out at the South, or the cry of disunion upon the part of the Union would have been heard. The North has been, and is, and will be, unwittingly it may be, concerned the growth of cotton, rice, tobacco, and hemp, the natural products of the slave States; and hence the spirit of equality, which has ever been in the system of slave breeding, to meet the expected demand for slave labour in new States, to be formed out of the recently-added territory in the South and South-West.

To show in what a false position we of the North are placed in consequence of this vexed question, and how children wish to this Union, we need only to look at the that all communication between the North and the South is cut off, by the nullification doctrines of the South. A colonel citizen of the United States, and a member of all its President, is liable to imprisonment at the South, if he puts his foot upon an inch of that territory; and when so caught, and he appeals to the State to which he belongs attempts to institute a legal investigation before the United States Court, he is told, in effect, that the act in that honourable enterprise is thrust out of that court, and menaced with death. And this is called a Union. Blessed Union! where all are not equally protected by law, and where dollars and cents constitute the only links which bind it together. Blessed Union! where the largest portion of the family are held as property by the law, enacted for the benefit of all. Blessed Union! where the light of speech and the liberty of the press is denied. Blessed Union! where prayers are heard up and down, and where the word of God is not permitted to be read.

We have been drawn to this subject in consequence of the stirring debate in the Senate of the United States, just at the close of the late session, and the reading of the debate Mr. Mangum, of North Carolina, took part. We have been in the habit of paying great respect to this gentleman's opinions, not because we always concurred with our own, but for his frankness and honourable bearing towards all from whom he differed. It was with no little surprise, therefore, that we read the following extract, at the close of his speech on the Oregon question:

"Mr. Mangum said, I have no threats to make to the Union. In regard to the new territory, he was ready to surrender it, to give it all up. It was not true that there was not less attachment to the Union than there had been. He felt less attachment than formerly. His instinct told him this. To his Northern friends he wished to say that they could not carry out their principles upon this question. They must yield, or forego all sympathy with the South. This thing was an insult to the South, and we were made in this bill to feel our degradation and to suffer from it. We were kept here night after night, and day after day, to endure this insult. I would rather see my family annihilated, than endure this freedom, forced upon me as an oppression. I do not wish to see Slavery extended, but I will not see my own people excluded from the common rights and benefits of the Union. Over this Wilmot proviso, over this Missouri compromise, he believed the Union would be dissolved. He was unwilling, however. In regard to the North, there were the members, but the South had the power, the power of the Government, because it possessed the Executive. If we would ask nothing of the Government, but say, "hands off," and if we were true to ourselves, we should be safe. At present we were doing, and he said this for a portion of the Democratic party, but little better than to steal our neighbour's lands. Upon this subject Sunday morning, he addressed his fellow-members, that he might be heard with some allowance, for he had spoken the honest sentiments of his heart. He considered the Missouri line as a portion of the South to be eminently corrupt, and fit only to be purchased. He thought enough could be bought for the Treasury to relieve the land of the spoils, to keep the South in the ascendancy."

He, Mr. Mangum, was the last man, in our opinion, to connive with Mr. Calhoun in the revival of nullification and dissolution doctrines. Mr. Mangum has been, hitherto, the friend of the Union, the subject of slavery, and the peculiar dangers incident to that institution, to be willing to yield the protection, which the Free States have a right to demand, to extend to them the benefits of the South; but it seems that the cool judgment which has hitherto characterized Mr. Mangum as a statesman, has yielded to the pressure of those outside influences, which the South so well and so effectually knows how to employ.

Any union of States or individuals, that is to stand and to do good, must have for its foundation a settled principle, as the basis of right. If this fact is impossible to be so little understood or agreed upon, that the Bible, which is supposed to contain it, is read as an antiquity for the Sabbath day, and then is utterly opposed in the North—how can it be possible that there should be anything like union or agreement upon any of the vexed questions of national interest? So truly is this felt to be so on all hands, that no question of any moment can be introduced into Congress, without creating a storm of agitation from the Slavery question. And one of the most distinguished members from the South at the session referred to, declared that the Union, as originally was settled, it would be in vain to harmonize upon any other.

The love of national union is preposterous upon any other basis than that we have named. As well might a Church and Society unite upon a minister, one portion of the congregation of which was diametrically opposed to one of those bodies. The country in which we live is spread out in every direction from New York to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to thirteen large States, it is opening its grasping vision towards the isles of the sea. Europe, too, is not only pressing upon us, European powers to seize upon it, but America, also, not wishing to be outdone, has longings that nothing but possession can satisfy. And all this is right. It will not be possible for any nation to seize upon this nine of wealth, without letting loose the dogs of war. Horrible thought! Yet, how can we appreciate the Union of these States, upon its present basis, the North will continually be subject to falsify those solemn principles which constitute the very basis of being a brother or sister in Christ; and equally entitled to life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness. For this reason we shall never consent to vote for a slaveholder, let the consequences be what they may. Principles, not Men. This is a Bible motto. God be praised for it.—*Christian World.*

From the North Star.

TO MY OLD MASTER.

THOMAS AULD, SIR.—The long and intimate, though not friendly relation, which has existed between you and myself, leads me to hope that you will easily account for the great liberty which I now take in addressing you in this open and public manner. The same fact may possibly remove any disagreeable surprise which you may experience on again finding your name coupled with mine, and on finding it in connection with an advertisement, accurately describing my person, and offering a large reward for my arrest and return to you again before the public, I am aware that I shall subject myself to no inconsiderable amount of censure, and shall probably incur the charge of indelicacy and of not a wanton and reckless disregard of the rights and proprietors of private life. There are those North as well as South, who entertain the opinion that the rights which are merely conventional, than they do the rights which are personal and essential. Not a few persons, who themselves profess to be free, are now peoples against robbing the labourer of the hard-earned results of his patient industry, will be shocked by the exposure of your villainy practised upon me, and others, by the public. Believing this to be the case, and wishing to meet every reasonable or plausible objection to my conduct, I will proceed to offer such apology for my conduct as I deem sufficient to place me in a favourable light in public. All will agree that a man guilty of theft, robbery or murder, has forfeited, by the commission of the crime, all right to the confidence and respect of society, and that the community have a right to subject such persons to the most complete exposure. The murderer cannot complain of the publicity of the gallows, nor the thief of the stripes, nor the counterfeiter of the pillory, nor the slaveholder of the whipping post. Holding this to be the case, and wishing to expose you to the most complete exposure, I have chosen this method of addressing you, as the best calculated to conceal themselves and their movements from the pooper gaze, the public have a right to ferret them out, and bring them to the notice of the proper tribunal of the country for investigation. Sir, you will undoubtedly make the proper application of these generally-admitted principles of right, to your case, and to the light in which you are regarded by me. I will not, therefore, manifest ill temper, by calling you hard names. I know you to be a man of sufficient intelligence to need no epithets to characterize the real character of every-to-be-forgotten act of (for I left by daylight).—I am taking a leap in the dark. The probabilities, so far as I could by reason determine, were, that I should succeed in reaching the north. The preliminaries and precautions I had adopted previously, all worked badly. I was like one going to war without weapons, or understanding the art of war, and promised me assistance, appalled by fear at the trial-hour, deserted me. In coming to a fixed purpose, I had resolved to succeed or perish. One in whom I had confided, and one who had

pects; and several other articles of less general interest comprise the contents of this number.

MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW.—*September.—Cutler & Wiley. Boston:*—The only article in this number that we have had time even to glance at is one upon the Constitutionality of Slavery, written, we understand, by Mr. W. I. Bowditch, of Boston. It demolishes successively and successfully every one of the "iron-linked" arguments that have ever been advanced on the other side of this question. Mr. Phillips, in the column of this paper, had drawn the advocates of Slavery from the Unconstitutionality of Slavery to shelter themselves behind the absurd dogma that nothing is legal that is not right, and that Slavery never having been legal in England, could not have been so in the royal or chartered colonies. Mr. Bowditch, while he necessarily goes over much of the ground on which Mr. Phillips had preceded him, takes up all the points which the latter had left untouched, and makes out the *Massachusetts Quarterly*, and proves beyond all cavil that Slavery was both permitted by the Common Law of England and established by Statute Law in the Colonies. Thus undermining the foundation of his opponents, he proceeds in slow clearly and unanswerably the fact and the character of the Compromises of the Constitution. The conclusion of the article is a fine statement of the true position maintained by the American Society. We cannot conceive how any honest mind can avoid yielding up any foregone conclusions it may have come to on this subject, when fully set out the learned and logical analysis of Mr. Bowditch, or escape from his conclusion.

The remaining articles of this number are the Philosophy of the Present History, a review of the Life of Dr. Channing, by his nephew, Wm. H. Channing; Principles of Zoology; with the usual short reviews and notices of New Books. We are glad to learn from a note of the editors in the course of the Review that it is even greater than they anticipated, and that the new volume commences under favourable auspices.

MR CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.—*September.—Boston: Wm. Crosby & H. P. Nichols.*—The contents of this number are—1 Annesseets; 2. Zwingle and Luther; 3. Republic of Liberia; 4. Unestimated Societies; 5. Sunday School Education; 6. Tendencies and Wants of Theology; 7. Vincent Bourne and Modern Latinists; 8. Memoirs of Channing; 9. Recent Publications; 10. Dr. Martineau's Miscellanies; Lit: Notices of New Publications and Intelligence.

The article on Liberia was written by the Rev. Joseph H. Cullen, of Washington, D. C. but unfortunately is not solely calculated for that meridian. The *Examiner* has doubtless some readers—their number, we trust, is few—so little informed upon the subject of which it treats as to be the vulgar and unchristian prejudices against their coloured countrymen, as to welcome the *ex parte* and even dishonest statements of Mr. Allen, as to the original purpose and the success of the Colonization Society. We have no desire of promulgating the truth will undertake to write upon any subject without first examining it on all sides, and in every light; and this the writer has not done, or else he has been strangely blinded to the truth. But he does have a partizan purpose, much evidence which cannot be impugned, and other which has been. His own bias, however, is clearly seen in his estimate of the value of the facts, and his sufficiently accounts for the character of the whole article.

Christianity and Socialism which we suppose from the initials to be by the Rev. Mr. Osgood, of Providence, contains many excellent thoughts, expressed in his usual felicity of originality. The article is, however, in accordance with the usually liberal tone of the Examiner, but characterized by the vagueness of the popular thought on the great question of social reform. We look in vain in it for any satisfactory solution of the problem of man's true relation in society, and feel while reading it the want of something more definite than the unembodied principle, somewhat, proposal principle of intercourse to Christian principles. Precisely how that obedience is to be given is the question not answered.

Mr. Parsons' review of the Memoir of Dr. Channing is a tribute to the character of that eminent good man worthy both of his subject and the writer. It is carefully just and discriminating at the same time that it glows with the warmth of personal affection, and is reverent with the veneration felt for a teacher and prophet to his time. Several of the other articles are full of interest, and the numbers fully sustains the reputation of the Review.

Domestic Correspondence.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. XXXVII.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent in bad company—Thanatopsis—Euthanasia of the Third Party.—The Flying Roll.—Labours of Committee not to report—The Rogue's Gallery.—Mr. Mellen and the Liberty Men, and the Habeas Corpus. Rev. Mr. Trask and the pair of Sheets.—Mr. Lovejoy levels strift nlso.—His interposition and interrogatories.—The replies thereunto.—The Correspondent groaneth in spirit over the fraternal discords of brethren.—Lewitt and Lovejoy.—His authority.—Mr. Lovejoy's Theory.—The Emancipator and the Little Hunchback.—He giveth good advice.—Good news for the Abolitionists.—The work to be taken from us.—A. S. Tonline.—The Provincial Government.—The Correspondent tremblith for the Common Weal.—Dr. Fox's Soul Converter.—Mr. Park and Mr. Boiles.—Bygones.—The Convention at the Adams House.—In Faneuil Hall.—Humours of the Evening.—Mr. John Van Buren's Speech.—His errunt.—His inct.—Mr. S. C. Phillips's Speech.—Ex-Governor Morton's.—The Nominations.—Effect of the Resolutions.—Improvement and Conclusion, &c, &c., &c.*

BOSTON, Sept. 8, 1848.

Where do you think I went one day this week? You will never guess, so I'll even tell you To A THIRD PARTY CONVENTION! You may well stare and bless yourself; but the fact is as I say. I went in the first one I ever attended; and I should not have been at this, had it not been absolutely certain that it would be the last that I ever could go to. Having grown up with an instinctive horror of bad company, and having been early taught to avoid the very appearance of evil, I never ventured into the purlieus of Liberty, Land, Equivocation, or I might be suspected by some one who knew me not, of having joined myself unto it. But you know that it is not only safe, but edifying, to attend upon the death-bed of the worst of sinners, and that holy men have sometimes gone away refreshed from the execution of the greatest of criminals. It was with this view of the case that I boldly took my place by its side, when I heard that it was in the article of death, on the point of closing its ill-conditioned and rickety existence, that I might witness its last sigh, and have ocular evidence that it had really given up the ghost.

It made a joyful ending. "It made a fine end," like Falstaff, "and went away an it had been any Chyrson child." It had been long lungering and thirsting after death, and now it had of the desire of its eyes and was satisfied. It was a glorious departure, and it was easily accomplished. "*Absoiling happy!*" Its last moments were somewhat on this wise. After the temporary organization of the Convention, and an invitation from the Rev. Mr. King to the Almighty "to preside over its deliberations," the Hon. Francis Jackson was appointed President and a Committee of Business raised. This committee retired to the Gallery, and the Convention amused itself with discussing the question as to whether they should have a Roll or not. Rev. Mr. King and a Mr. Washburn opposed having one, because they thought a little indefinitude would give a sublimer air to the Report of the Meeting. Mr. King proposed that it should say that "the Great Melodeon was full, and to let it go at that." The body of the house was about two-thirds full. The Roll, however was taken, at last, after much discussion; the Business Committee remaining all the while in the gallery, apparently industriously with the Free Soilers, it was assumed by all the speakers that there was no use in the case, and that they were all of one mind in the premises. It was very obvious that the game was to leave no time for the opposition, if any, to developе itself. But the game could not be played out. First, Mr. Mellen objected to the resolution affirming that the Buffalo Platform and that of the Liberty Party were identical, and moved to substitute his *Habeas Corpus* doctrine; but he was ruthlessly cut short in the midst of his speech by a motion to lay his amendment on the table, which the President *somewhat* irregularly, allowed to be made and put while Mr. M. was on his legs. A melancholy contrast to the impartiality of Chairmen in our Meetings? Then the Rev. Mr. Trask compared the new party to the sheet which Peter saw let down from Heaven in which there were all kinds and all beasts and creeping things, and asked to consider this state of things as the fulfilment. But there is this distinction between the sheets seen let down in vision by the ancient and the modern prophet, that in the one there was *nothing common or unclean*, which is a good deal more than can be said of the other.

But at last the pinch of the game came on. Mr. Lovejoy arose and said that this was the most important moment in the history of the Liberty Party—which was to pass it into other hands. (A voice, "Better ones, I hope!" To which aspiration there was at once not an audible though against his own preference he would go for Mr. Van Buren if satisfied that: he was fairly nominated and Mr. Hale fairly set aside. He wished to know whether it were true that there was a bargain that if the Liberty Men made the Platform, the Barnburners should have the nominations? He heard no. (Name) Name?) Messrs. James G. Carter and W. F. Channing. (Sensation.) If this be true, he would not go for Mr. V. B. It was said prominent Liberty men were electioneering for Van Buren. [Names: Names!] Messrs. Chase, Giddings, Townsend and Seelinus, he believed, had been and sold? Was there any authority for the withdrawal of Mr. Hale? Unless these things were cleared up, he could not support the Buffalo nomination.

There was a good deal of impatience and vexation evinced at this interruption, of the *Euthanasia* of the Liberty Party, and Mr. Lovejoy was literally denied knowledge of the imputed bargain, and said that the withdrawal of Mr. Hale was authorized by a letter from him. Mr. Lovejoy. "Where is that letter?" Mr. Lenvitt. "Is we rocket?" Mr. Lovejoy called for the reading, which was refused by Mr. Lewitt. Lovejoy pleaded usage, and the necessity of knowing the authority for the withdrawing of Mr. Hale. Then Mr. Leavitt stated that Mr. Hale had written a private letter to Mr. Stanton, saying that he should write a formal letter to the Convention, placing the Liberty Party in the hands of his friends. That such a letter was written and confided to Mr. Giddings, who lost it on his way with his luggage. That the private letter was read to show the purport of the public one. And he would now proceed to read it in full, only requesting that no publicity might be given to the private portion of it. Mr. Channing objected on the ground that phonography made such a request idle. Others objected that they had no right to draw out Mr. H's private letters. Mr. Lewitt, however, saying that the letter was not in the hands of the Convention, but in their own again. I cannot but think that it would have been better to have read the whole, and thus avoid the appearance of a desire to conceal anything. On the other hand, the resolutions passed by acclamation. Only one or two convulsive *noes* showed that the instinct of life cannot be wholly quenched even in the most triumphant death.

My righteous soul could not be grieved by the too obvious disagreement between brethren Leavitt and Lovejoy, in their speeches, as it seemed designed to distur the Rest of these Saints. Perfection, I fear it is too true, is not to be found below. All the consolation I can draw from so painful a circumstance is, that if old proverbs do not lie, there is a chance of honest men coming to their own again. I cannot but think that it is that plagy Emancipator that is at the bottom of it. That confounded thing has been as perplexing an appendage, as ever the Little Hunchback was, in the Arabian Nights. First, after the Old Committee at New York had locked up the school, they clapped it down the door of their Young Men's Society. They very soon passed it over to Mr. Leavitt. He hringz it on to Boston and pops it down at the back door of the Massachusetts Abolition Society. That Society having long since vanished the Lord knows where, it is found that Mr. Lovejoy's portion and his branches have borne so long, is now to be taken from our shoulders. One of the resolutions, which was expounded by George Minot, Esq., erected the State Central Committee into a Provisional Anti-Slavery Government, for the management of the Liberty Movement. The new party, said Mr. Mc., in effect, is mighty well in its way. But who is to keep up the Anti-Slavery feeling in the land? What created the Liberty party? The Old Abolition Societies. It is not thought possible, if desirable, to revive them, but this *Government* will be a substitute in its place. Why, said Mr. M. that the Anti-Slavery Societies which the Liberty party was created to destroy, and whose vitality alone has kept it alive to this day, were never in a more flourishing condition than now. But we shall look to see our opinions extinguished, and ourselves in the more agreeable extinguishers of the Provisional Committee. My only anxiety is, there being no provision for its renewal, that it will make a sort of Tontine of the Anti Slavery Enterprize, enuring to the spiritual benefit of the survivor. Or, else, that it will be perpetuated as a close corporation, which will be the undoubted energy and resources, may grow to be dangerous to the body politic. You remember our prudent fathers regarded the establishment of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company with a wise jealousy, "being warned by the example of the Janizaries of Turkey and of the Prioriun Bands of Rome."

The Last Words and Dying Speech of poor old Third party have taken up so much room that I have but little space left to describe the Free Soil Convention, which met on the same day at 12 o'clock, in the Tremont Temple. It was of course the best friends of the young Party could desire. I presume it was by far the largest political Convention, meeting merely for business, that ever came together in the State. The large Temple which seats about 3,000 persons, was nearly filled with delegates. The most perfect unanimity and harmony prevailed. The Hon. Edward L. Keyes called the Convention to order, and welcomed them to "the joys and labours of freemen," in a short and telling speech, after which the permanent organization of the Convention of the Hon. John Mills, formerly United States District Attorney, a Barn-burning Democrat, as President, and the usual allowance of Vices and Secretaries. In the afternoon while the Committees were arranging business, the Hon. John C. Park was called upon to address the Convention, which he did with meek spirit and effect.—The speech was a good one, and as I was not able to make it out clearly, extracted first one of the drawing-room windows, to make way for him, and then a short speech from him.—In the evening Faneuil Hall was crammed to its utmost capacity and beyond it. I never saw such an audience collected for any purpose. It was chosen at first in consequence of the tardiness of the Committee who had Mr. Van Buren in charge. The audience amused themselves with giving cheers for a multitude of popular names, such as Van Buren, Adams, Palfrey, Hale, Giddings, Phillips, Lovejoy, Chase, Seelye, and big and hisses for Taylor, Clay, Cushing, Cass, the Atlas, &c. A temporary organization was made and Anson G. Barlingame, Esq., made a capital speech from the gallery which passed away the time till Mr. Van Buren and his staff were seen entering the Hall, when it gathered unprecedented impossible that they could make their way through it. But they did, and Mr. Van Buren soon took the platform and was received with deafening cheers. He soon got the ear of his audience and kept it to the end. There were two company syllables as there always will be in a great meeting, but he had the mastery thron shout.

I shall say nothing of his speech, as you have already read it, except that it fairly satisfied the expectations his reputation as a popular orator had excited. His manner was not adroit. At the beginning of his speech as the heat was very great, he deliberately took off his cravat and laid it on the table, which seemed to give the most intense satisfaction, and put him on intimate terms with everybody at once. At one point, some blockheads in the door interrupted him with three cheers for "Old Zack." "Now, my friends," said he, "now you have given three cheers for Old Zack, you have done the chief business of the day for meeting, and are ready to adjourn." The speech was altogether most successful. He was followed by the Hon. Stephen C. Phillips in a strong and fervid speech. Then there was a general roar for Governor Morton, who resisted as long as he could, but the sovereign *Demos* was inexorable, and he appeared amid the most tumultuous acclamations that I was putting his head over the knife of the political guillotine. The people did not seem to have had enough, and it was with some difficulty that they could be brought to adjourn.

The main business of the Convention was done on Thursday morning, when the Platform of Principles and the adoption of Addresses and Resolutions. I will say nothing of these, except that the Address was written by Mr. Palfrey, as I suppose you will lay them before your readers. They lay out the ground for action as far as any can be had under the Constitution. This is a necessary step to our progress. People will not be left to believe that nothing effectual can be done under a pro-Slavery Constitution, for the removal of Slavery, till they have tried. We can only do our best to show them this impossibility and to try to induce them to adopt the Constitutional principles of action. THE POLITICAL SEPARATION OF THE FREE FROM THE SLAVEHOLDING STATES, unless made nunecessary by the Abolition of Slavery. The Temple was entirely full during the morning, and the nominations and resolutions were received with enthusiasm. A really good spirit and a genuine earnestness seemed to prevail, and the Convention adjourned in the sanguine hope of success. Which I wish them whether I expect it or not.

D. Y.

NEW MILLS 9 mo. 7th 1848.

FRIEND GAY:—The time has nearly expired for which I have paid for the Standard. Enelosed are $2, 00 for the ensuing year.

Allow me, as one interested in the Anti-Slavery reform, to give to Young Men a few points on the subject, through the columns of the Standard; provided, that they do not take the place of more useful matter.

I want to see more Anti-Slavery among Young Men I do not care for the show it is the principle, the only valuable post, the essence of Anti-Slavery, that is needed. This is not often enough found among them, no! often enough in its purity. Few, in this part of New-England, at least, have the *courage* to acknowledge themselves to be *pro-Slavery*. *Cowardice* might have done as much for them a few years ago, but not now. No, They are Anti-Slavery! But when and to what purpose. Some are Anti-Slavery, as an ornament, wear a Pic-Nic, some at a convention, if the right man be speaking, others when Rev.——, thinks proper, and a few more perhaps when the Hutchinsons are near. Well, that is something. It is evidence that progress has been made; possibly they are sincere. I know some whom I believe to be quite sincere in just such Anti-Slavery as this. But what is it good for? What is there of it? The great obstacle in the way here, I think, is not so much a want of Anti-Slavery feeling in young men as the lack of a foundation for the principle to rest upon. Anti-Slavery Societies, which, from fifteen years of age to twenty-five, don't think it worth while *to be anything*, a few having the uncommon ambition go to college, get learned and are lost. A greater proportion by far, pass away their time in frivilous sports pursuing countenance with strangers, till pleased with one to win such game. What place is there in the hearts of these for Anti-Slavery principle? What ground for it to rest on? *Men* must be not made of these shadows, or the truths thrown among them can but drop in the shade, when they have left the place. Young *Men* there will be hope for the Slave, and the Nation.

I would say to the youths who read the Standard, you can be useful, the humblest of you in n course like this, in any good cause, provided that inclination and perseverence be not wanting. There is enough to be done enough left out of your way, to employ the energies of every soul of you and your time or energies. Freedom has not yet been bought for your purpose; so to be great. It is not necessary perhaps that there should be any more Clays, Calhouns, or Websters. Neither Humanity or religion give thanks for those we have, for the "great," ones, I mean. Cesears, Napoleons, and their imitators are worse than so men. Humanity wnuts sober, conscientious, faithful men. Just such men you can become if you will; and because you can, it is your duty. It is beautiful provision which the Almighty Ruler has made, that what is not for one is for all. There is room for You, and I and all of us, may be *true*, and therefore *useful*.

But we must have principles of our own inbred principles, such as make no compromise with error, for any seeming good however great. It is no part of our business to look after consequences. They are beyond our control. We are to do rightly, leaving it to God. If not Anti-Slavery because it is *right* it will not be for any other reason whatever.

JUNIOR.

Letter from Samuel Brooke.

DEAR GAY:—In publishing the proceedings of the Western Anti-Slavery Society you copied the following statement which was appended to the proceedings as a note of explanation:

"The Committee on Finance very strongly neglected to report the amount of their collections in the meeting; I have however from other sources that they took the cash and pledges about $160.00, which added to a collection taken up at a late informal meeting at the same house in the 18th instant, would the total to $450.00 not enough to pay off the present debts of the Society.—*Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

This statement was made under a misapprehension of the facts of the case and I wish to make the correction.

As chairman of the Committee on finance I did make a report to the Convention at the Morning Session of the last day's meeting. The Secretary made a minute of the amount reported, but omitted it in copying the record.

The aggregate amount reported, at that time was about six hundred dollars ($600) in cash and pledges, and in making the report, I stated that it fell short of paying the debts of the Society, about two hundred dollars, and giving that as a reason why the subscription should be increased I asked the members of the Convention to make a further effort.

SAMUEL BROOKE.

Foreign Intelligence

SIX DAYS LATER

FROM EUROPE,

Arrival at the Hibernia.

The Hibernia arrived at Boston on Friday last, with six days' later news.

The most important intelligence by her, if true, is the report of a Revolution in France. It is said to have been almost simultaneously at St. Petersburg and Warsaw, and that a Provisional Government has been established in the former city, and that the Emperor had fled to Cronstadt. The whole story, however is doubted in England, as not resting upon sufficient authority.

The Irish Trials in Ireland are progressing. John Mitchel, proprietor of the *United Irishman*, has been found guilty, and sentenced to 14 years' transportation. A few more convictions of his associates and we shall have heard the last of the Irish rebellion. A more real event is beginning to attract attention—the Potato Starvation. There is little hope of saving the potatoe crop.

General Cavaignac has openly announced his policy in relation to European affairs to be peaceful. Some uneasiness prevails in Paris from the approaches of another cholera break The report of the Commitee on the Insurrection has been published, and clearly proves, it is said, the complicity of Louis Blanc, Caussidiere, and Ledru Rollin. La Presse's name is also in the list of the accused.

The Austrians had withdrawn from before Bologna, which is in an admirable state of defence. On the reception of the news of the Vienna Revolution, the Papal Legate and Commissioners were compelled to resign, the Republic was proclaimed, and Manin declared dictator. Charles Albert's proclamations announce his determination to prosecute the war with vigour.

A frightful disaster has occurred in the English channel, an account of which we copy:—

DESTRUCTION OF THE PACKET SHIP OCEAN MONARCH.

The *Ocean Monarch*, Capt. Mordoch, left Liverpool on the 24th, with 360 steerage passengers, 6 cabin, 22 second cabin, and 44 in the crew. She had on board 200 passengers. She has not proceeded far, however, before the utmost consternation was produced by the accidental discovery that the ship was on fire; and scarcely had this alarm been given, when she was in a conflagration.

The scenes which followed may be more easily conceived than described. The passengers became frantic with despair, and confusion and terror played fearful havoc among the more awful death which apparently awaited them. Husbands were separated from wives, and children from their husbands, and children from their parents.

The flames spread with astonishing rapidity, and corrosives was lost, and that the fire was making rapid progress, ordered, but the crew refused to obey him. The fire had reached the vessel's head to the wind. In act of lowering the anchors many of the passengers were precipitated into the ocean, they having seated themselves on the main cables, and were thus launched into eternity. At the time the fire was discovered, the ship was in the immediate vicinity of the sand-bank of Great Orme Head, and several vessels were in sight.

A signal of distress was at once hoisted, which was immediately answered by the Liverpool steamer *Prince de Joinville*, and which was about six miles distant. Mr. Littledale was himself on board, and at once bore down to render what assistance he could. The *Ocean Monarch* was by this time blowing, and had the yacht ventured alongside it would have been the inevitable fate to all on board. A few men however immediately provided and proceeded to the ship for the purpose of rendering assistance, but were driven back by danger. The ocean which presented itself to Mr. L. on nearing the vessel was most awful.

That gentleman aptly describes it as swfel and such as he hopes never to witness again. The ship was now one burning with intense fury from the stern and centre of the vessel. So great was the heat in these parts that the passengers, who had crowded there, were driven forward towards the fore part of the vessel. Their piercing, heartrending shrieks for help were heard by the native waters. Many had indeed despair woman jumped overboard with their offspring in their arms, and others in the agony of despair threw their wives in frenzy and were lost. Groups of men women and children, and others were huddled together in the fore part of the vaia hope of safe preservation, but the waters closed over many of these forever.

No pen can describe this awful scene The flames continued to rage with increased fury. In a few minutes the mizen mast was burnt away, and the main mast was also lost in a short time after. There yet remained the foremast.—As the fire approached this, the shrieks of the unfortunate, the passengers and crew of course crowded still farther forward. To the *Prince de Joinville* was attributed the help they could pack, even one lying over the other. At length the fore mast fell, and the scene of horror was indescribable. All the jib-boom, with which its load of human beings dropped into the sea, and the vessel was followed by a large paddle-boat.

The Marquis d' Lisbon jumped into one and Admiral Grendall into the other, and were untiring in their exertions to save life. Several boats from Liverpool also rendered very early assistance in assisting the passengers on board the *Prince de Joinville*. Upwards of 200 persons have been saved by the *Queen of the Ocean*, 160 by the *Alfonzo*, 16 by a small boat, 50 by the *Prince de Joinville*, and *Wales*, being a total of 395 saved, leaving 153 to be still accounted for.

A subscription has been set on foot for the relief of the sufferers by the wreck, and Messrs. Brown & Co. the agents for the ship have subscribed £50. Messrs Bowden & Co. £25, and Messrs. Littledale £20. Other parties have given from £1 to 10£ each. Prince de Joinville and Wales have also subscribed liberally to the same fund.

Those persons who choose to proceed out by the Ocean on the 28th instant, or by the Sea Beam on the 3d proximo, will be met on the Cars at Providence by a Coach and Six. Great numbers of the saved, however, have been so terrified by what they endured, by what they suffered, that they refuse to go to sea at the office of the agents, and over they had paid, which was promptly refunded them.

The Prince de Joinville and Wales have also sent over her boats, and was the means of saving a great number. The Prince de Joinville belonging to the Messrs. Cunard went to the wreck when there was little hope of saving any more, and stuck to the hulk of the vessel till every soul had left her.

It is said this praiseworthy individual, by his own hands, lowered one hundred persons to the boats below, of whom a great portion were women and children. The steerage of the Ocean Monarch lost her life in consequence of neglecting to get down the cover of the hatches. There were about 25 pounds weight on board, and when she went below up to 21, it is supposed that they were drowned.

The Queen of the 26th says, in relation to the loss, "it is questionable, however, if the possibility of salvation must not have added to the bitterness of the pangs endured by the sufferers on board the O. M. during the short space of time left them for feeling or thought.

The cottages on the Welsh coast were so near that they could see men gazing upon their calamity from their own doors. The vessel was wrecked as it always is, at the mouth of the Mersey with boats and shipping. Above all, they must have perceive the smoke ascending from the funnels of the steamers Orion and Cambria, which were coming up the river. The Cambria, however, was unable to render any aid to those vessels on their arrival at that port is so circumstanced as to leave no doubt of the propriety in the awful tragedy that was in course of action on board the *Ocean Monarch*.

The Masters reported they saw flames issuing from the after part, and smoke from the fore part of the vessel. At that time, about 4 o'clock, Mr. Littledale, who had proposed that her steering apparatus was destroyed. They then saw the Marquis d'Lisbon, the master of the other steamer vessels, however, when they perceived a Brazilian steam frigate lying near, quietly considered they could be of no assistance, and, having a considerable number of passengers on board, they proceeded on their way to Liverpool. It is to be hoped they saved their time at Liverpool, and met with the success they deserved.

When we find it recorded that by the exertions of Mr. Littledale and the crew of his little steamer no less than 395 passengers were saved—that by a fishing boat 16 more were picked up, and that the *Alfonzo*, 160 human beings were rescued from an appalling death by the intrepidity and humanity of the Marquis d'Lisbon, Capt. Grendell, and the Prince de Joinville, we cannot but think that Mr. Littledale and the Cambria done their duty, we should not have to lament the untimely and unnecessary destruction of 153 of the unfortunate passengers on board the Ocean Monarch.

We grieve that the circumstances of the case compel us to enter into details of so appalling and so unfortunate a public jaxis position with the humanity and courage of the crew of the Alfonso.?

Died.

In New Bedford, Aug. 3, Mrs. ELIZA ORY WILLIAMS, Wife of Rev. Stephen Williams, and daughter of the late Rev. Oliver Ayer, aged 38.

In Boston, Aug. 28th, at the residence of his daughter, Mr. Simon Willard, in the 96th year of his age. Mr. Willard was a native of Shirley, and was the last of eight, (all living to a life-time, seven) ingenious countrymen for improving Clock Machinery have been celebrated by Abbott Lawrence, in the Times Piece, at the present day, is considered by all to be the very acme of perfection for time keeping. He also invented the Machinery for the Revolving Lights for Light Houses, which still continue to be used throughout our vast extended seacoast. When 83 years of age. Mr. Willard made with his own hands, the lamp Clock for Bunker Hill Monument, which he carried up on his shoulder.

At St. Louis (Mo.) on the 29th ult. Lieut. George P. Burton, aged 36 of the British army; author of "Adventures in Mexico, and the Mexicans," published in 1841 in the Par Wes," in the recent numbers of Blackwood's Magazine.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from Aug. 14, to Sept. 13, 1848.

476	John White, Wesiminster, Ma.	$2 00
464	Wm. H. Ray, Jersey City,	1 00
432	Wm. Griffith, New Garden O.	2 00
472	C. A. Wheelock, Uxbridge, Ms.	2 00
473	Wm. Ash, Phila.	1 00
471	Stephen Barker, Methuen,	1 00
469	Wm. Hussey, Northampton,	1 00
470	Isaac Winslow, Boston,	1 00
482	O. B. Fisher, E. Hamburg, N. Y.	2 00
483	Wm. Whitney, Boston,	1 00
436	Wm. Revels, Jamaica, N. Y.	2 00
428	Charles Hill, Black Rock,	2 00
507	John Rina, Northampton, N. J.	2 00
487	N. Hallock, Milton, N. Y.	0 00
480	Thos. Jervis, Jerseyville, So. L. i.	1 00
454	Geonge Donchy, Jamaica,	1 00
442	J. Lisk Waterloo, N. Y.	1 00
460	John W. Greenleaf, Lawrence, Ms.	2 00
450	Joseph Halstead, Vienna, N. Y.	1 50
450	G. W. Covell,	2 00
468	John Mc. Kendy, Waterford, Vi.	2 00
508	David Rogeles, Northampton, Ms.	2 00
509	John Rina, Salem,	2 00
482	E M Chipman, "	2 00
482	A & D. Lord "	2 00
482	Wm. Hayward, "	2 00
482	Josiah Hayward, "	2 00
482	J. B. Pierce, "	2 00
485	J. W. Tyner, Boffalo, N. Y.	1 00
486	Nathan Pnee Jr. Danovers Ms.	2 00
488	Miss Betsey, Charlestown,	1 00
416	John S. Jacobs, Boston,	1 00
459	J. V. Paling, New York.	5 10
		$51 50

DONATIONS TO THE AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY-

John M. Fiske, W. Brookfield, Mass. $20

Total $71 50

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treas.

EF NOTICE.—By the post-office law now in force, publishers of newspapers are permitted to send, in their papers to subscribers, bills *unrecepted*; but a receipted bill. The amount received for subscription is acknowledged above, and the whole number of the paper to which the subscriber has paid precedes his name.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* A Death Scene, John Lit tlejohn; Times go by Turns; All Is Sunflower. *Miscellany:* The Ugly Duckling; Extracts from Serjeant Talfourd's Final Memoirs of Charles Lamb; Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections:* Mr. Webster's Speech; Letter of Jacob Barker; &c. &c.

Notices.

MEETINGS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

Adin Ballou and E. D. Hudson will attend the Anti-Slavery Pic Nic at West Winfield on the 6th and 7th of Sept. Mr. Ballou will also attend the Meeting at

LUTCHFIELD, *Friday. Sept. 8th at 1 and 6 o'clock P. M.*

Trenton, Saturday 9th at 9 o'clock A. M.

Sunday, 10th at 10 A. M. and at 1 and 6 P. M.

Newville, Monday, 11th at 10 A. M. and at 1 and 6 P. M.

Fairfield Tuesday 12th 10 A. M. and 1 and 6 P. M.

Little Falls Wednesday 13th.

Newville, Thursday 14th 10 A. M. and 1 and 6 P. M.

NEWVILLE, *Sept. 12th at 2 and 6 o'clock P. M.*

The friends in each of these localities are expected to engage places of meeting and give the necessary notices to secure the attendance of the people.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR OF 1848.

Demands of all the friends of the slave in this region, prompt and vigorous efforts in its preparation. Are you some of them, both in town and country, have long been busily at work in its behalf. So well is it understood and felt, that the Fair is now regarded by the Anti-Slavery Abolitionists generally, that our Annual summons to the work seems scarcely needed, and almost a form. But we leave it a word of remembrance to the interested, and to arouse the slumbering, and to awaken the inquiring, to the great crisis—to a increasingly sympathizing community, an opportunity to labour for the cause. We invite the co-operation of every heart that loves this slave, and would prove its love by its deeds.

To our numerous fellow-laborers in city and country it cannot be unnecessary to speak on the subject of the best manner of preparing for the Fair. In such preparation they will understand that the best way for each may be now, as we say, all pretty or marketable commodities will be valuable.

In all we say, make the slave's cause your own, if possible, and give liberally as God hath given you.

SARAH PUGH,	ESTHER RECKLESS.
A. MATILDA CASEY,	MARIA M. DAVIS,
ANNA M. LEWIS,	ELIZABETH GAY,
JANETTE JACKSON,	HANNAH W. HAYDOCK,
MARGARET A. DILLINGHAM,	ELIZABETH DAVIS,
MARY GREW,	EMMA PARKER,
MARGARET JONES,	BERTHA K. BURLEIGH,
HANNAH L. STICKNEY,	EMILY A. WISKOWSKI,
MARY T. STICKNEY,	CLEMENTINE G. ROBY,
SARAH A. T. MC KIM,	MARTHA CARMAN,
SUSANNA W. LOGAN,	SARAH T. LOGAN,
HULDA JUNIOR,	ANNA M. CHILD.
ELEANOR CARMAN,	MARY ANN SHAD,
HARRIET D. FOULK,	MARGARET FORTEN,
PENELOPE H. ROBERTS,	FRANCES ROBERTS,
SARAH M. DOUGLASS,	ESTHER BURR.

ELIZABETH CLEMENTS,
Committee of Arrangements.

FIFTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

Thunderstruck, earnestly dearing the abolition of Slavery has been the cry of the people of the North, carefully to consider what means may be found sufficient for the accomplishment of this great object. Many find their Anti-Slavery strength the selfishness, the ignorance, the cowardice, the hypocrisy of the people. If the nation could be made more enlightened, more disinterested, more devoted, more and true to its own political and religious principles, the work of Slavery would be comparatively easy. Let us be active and in the land to make the clergyman, the farmer, the lawyer, the mechanic, the merchant and the politician willing to renounce their hopes of worldly success, and see their respective careers of individual advancement cloud up, apparently forever, by their allegiance to Freedom;—to make the women of the land feel themselves disgraced by their indifference to such a cause as this,—to make the Christians and citizens of the land so well informed upon slavery as to compel them to join an adherence to the right against law and custom;—until this can be done, dissolution, the Southern secession, is not upheld in their sin by the powerful support of Christian fellowship, social sanction, and civil participation.

We determine, therefore, to strike at once at the root of Slavery, by appealing to the hearts and consciences of men and withdrawing their allegiance from such shameful cruelty and wrong, by the continual presentation of the paramount claims of Freedom and Humanity. Union being strength that fact decided on to unite with any whose principles prove them to be trustworthy; who make the abolition of Slavery their primary object; and who, in addition to their honesty of purpose, have sense and sagacity enough to make them safe conductors in carrying those principles into effect, prey of the selfish set of hypocritical adventurers that every great revolutionary movement has. We find such a sufficient and trustworthy body nowhere but in the American Anti-Slavery Society. Years of close observation of its righteous principles and uncompromising practices have given us the assurance that it has the elements of success. It continually sends forth lecturers to enforce the principles of justice and humanity among the people, and in a few years is found thereby to have the atonement of any selfish party. It has no local attachments, no partizan or sectarian partialities, no hidden aim, no double dealing. Its acts and measures have equal observer nuoies how happily its labours prepare the way for every good work: for, though not its object, the great principle of *immediate universal reform*, without awaiting the slow process of legislative and executive action, and political decision, is one of universal application.

This, therefore, is the mode of operation which commends itself to our judgment and feelings. The agents and methods which such an association of necessity draws forth, are the ones that we wish to elevate. In the success of the Anti-Slavery Society, the success of these universal rights of membership, the whole collective energy and judgment are constantly at work, and the success and increase of

Poetry.

A DEATH SCENE.

BY CERBER BELL.

O Day! he cannot die,
When thus so fair are shining!
O Sun, in such a glorious sky,
So tranquilly declining!

He cannot leave thee now
While fresh west winds are blowing
And tall wood on his cradle-mound
Thy ebbeniel light is glowing!

Edward, awake, awake,
The golden evening gleams
Warm and bright on Arden's lake—
Arouse thee from thy dreams!

Beside thee, on my knee,
My dearest friend! I pray
That troo, to cross the eternal sea,
Would'st yet one hour delay.

I hear its billows roar—
I see it on faming high.
Just no glimpse of a further shore
Hasb.est my straining eye.

Believe not what they urge
Of Eden isles beyond!
Pure back from that temperatus surge,
To thy own native land.

It is not death, but pain
That struggles in thy breast—
Nay rally, Edward, rouse again,
I cannot let thee rest!

One long look, that none reproved me
For the woe I could not bear—
One little look of suffering moved me
To repent my careless prayer.

And, with sudden shock, the hearing
Of distraction passed away:
Not a sign of further grieving
Stirred up soul that awful day.

Paled, at length, the sweet and setting
Sunk to peace the twilight breeze—
Summer dews fell softly, wetting
Glen and glade, and silent trees.

Then his eyes began to weary
Weighed beneath a mortal sleep,
And their orbs grew strangely misty,
Clouded, even as they would weep.

But they wept not, but they changed not,
Never moved, and never closed
Troubles still, and still they ranged not—
Wandered not nor yet reposed!

So I know that he was dying—
Stooped, and raised his languid head
Felt no breath, and heard no sighing
So I knew that he was dead!

JOHN LITTLEJOHN.

John Littlejohn was eminent and strong,
Upright and downright, scorning wrong.
He gave good weight and paid his way,
He thought for himself, and said his say.
Whenever a reason saw to go pass
Instead of River, mon, of brass.
He took his hammer, and said with a frown,
"*Too con is sparrows, and it down.*"

John Littlejohn was firm and true
You could not thrust him in two and two
When foolish argners night and main
Darkened and twisted the light and plain.
He saw through the mazes of the "specs"
The simple truth beyond their reach:
And crushing their logic and with a frown,
"*Your con is sparrows, and it down.*"

John Littlejohn maintained the right.
Though storm and shine in the world's despite:
When lies or quacks coursed him close,
Dosed him with arguments learnt by rote.
Or by cunning threats, or promises tried.
To gain his support to low wrongful side,
"Nay, nay," said John with a steady frown,
"*Your con is sparrows, and it down.*"

When cold that slings had a rhyt divine.
And that the people were born of swine.
That public alms were fit to rob.
That the poor were unimproved by school.
That colonies tat was the proper fate
Of all but the wealthy and the great
John shook his head, and swore with a frown,
"*The con is sparrows, and it down.*"

When told that events would justify
A false and wicked policy.
That a decent hope of future good
Might excuse a departure from rectitude.
That a lie of weiss was a cheerful offence,
To be forgiven by men of sense.
"Nay, nay," said John, with a sigh and frown,
"*The con is sparrows, and it down.*"

When told that the pulpit or the press
That heaven was a place of fashionableness,
That none but those could enter there
Who kissed with toe—scribed at prayer.
And held all virtues out of their pale
As idle words of no avail,
John's face grew dark, as he swore with a frown,
"*Tucons is sparrows, and it down.*"

Whenever the world for eyes would blind
With false pretence of any kind,
With humbug, cant, and bigotry
Or a specious sham philosophy,
With wrong dressed up in the guise of right,
And darkness passing itself for light
Let us imitate John, and with a frown,
"*The con is sparrows and it down.*

—*Charles Mackay*

TIMES GO BY TURNS

BY ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moisture shower;
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb.
Her state hath equal times to come and go,
Her hest to weare tie high as to the darkest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, yet not eternal day
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some the wise, in all things alike are crost,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall.
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

ART SUNFLOWER.

Ah Sunflower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the Sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveler's journey is done;

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and assume

Miscellany.

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

BY CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

[If our information be correct, we know nothing in this country of Danish literature, except through the medium of German translations; and the genius of these two languages unluckily has no correspondence whatever. But the translation we now offer to our readers, has not merely retain value as being taken from the Danish direct—it is a curiosity in itself; being the production of a young Danish lady, Zona Gross, of Kolding, who is self-taught in English, who never was out of her own country, and who never, except on one occasion, even conversed with a native of England. This was but for a few days' opportunities, our readers will see, has not prevented her from acquiring a competent knowledge of English; and we know that she is able to read and appreciate with great enjoyment. We may add, that in this curious piece Andersen is supposed to have allegorised his own career.—*Ens. Germant Journal.*]

It was very lovely in the country, for it was summer, the corn was yellow and ripening, and in the green meadows stood the stork on his long red legs, and talked Egyptian, for that was the language he had learned from his mother had taught him. Round the fields and meadows were large woods, and in the woods dark blue lakes. Oh, it was a lovely scene! In the bright sunshine stood an old manor-house, surrounded by a wall and a deep moat; and from the wall down to the moat grew large leaves, so large and high, that a little child might stand upright under some of them; and here a duck lay upon her nest; she was brooding over her eggs, but she was tired of her work, it was very weary, for she had sat long, and she had very few visitors; the other ducks liking better to swim on the moat than to sit under the leaves and quack with her.

At length one egg cracked after another, all the yolks were alive, and the little ones put forth their heads and cried, "Peep, peep!" "Quack, quack!" said the mother *duck*; and then the little ones looked about from under the green leaves, and their mother suffered them to look as long as they would, for the green colour is very pleasant to the eyes, and not at all hurtful.

"How large the world is!" said the little ones; for now they had more space to look about them than when they were in the egg.

"Do you think this is the whole world?" said the mother. "Oh no, it reaches far on the other side of the garden, even to the clergyman's meadow; but there I have never been. I hope you are all here," said she, as she rose from the nest. "Ah, no! the largest egg is still there. How tedious it is!" and the poor duck lay down again.

"Well how do you do?" and an old duck who came to pay her a visit.

"One of my eggs will not hatch," answered she; "it has pray look at my others; are not they the prettiest ducks you ever saw? They are the very image of their father, the rascal, who does not even pay me a visit."

"Let me see the egg that will not burst," said the visitor; "surely it is the egg of a turkey! I was once imposed upon in the very same manner, and the little ones were very troublesome to me; for I must tell you they are afraid of the *water*.—Leave off trying to hatch that egg, and teach you other darlings to swim."

"I will try it yet a little longer," said the poor duck.

"Do as you like," replied her visitor, and away she went.

At length the great egg cracked. "Peep, peep!" said the young one when he came out; but oh, how large and how ugly he was! The poor duck stared at him.

"What a wonderful large creature!" she stared, "none of us were born look like that. I hope it will not turn out to be a turkey; but *that* will soon be settled, for he *shall* go on the *water*, even if I push him in myself."

The following day the weather was lovely, the sun shone upon the large green leaves, and the mother duck with her ugly brood went down to the moat and plash in she plunged into the water. "Quack, quack!" said she, and all her little ones followed her, smoothly gliding upon the waves; and they were *all* there, even the great ugly gray creature was also swimming.

"No, it is no turkey," said she. "See how nicely he uses his legs, how well he treats himself, he is my own little one after all; and indeed he is not so ugly. Now come all of you with me, and I will introduce you to the world and present you to the poultry-yard; but you must keep near me, and beware of the cats."

So they went to the poultry-yard: here they found a terrible uproar, for two families had laid claim to an eel's head, which at length the cat seized.

"Such is the world," said the mother duck, wiping her bill, for she, too, had a fancy for the eel's head. "Now make haste; come and curtsey to the old duck there, she is the grandee of the whole poultry-yard. She is of Spanish blood, for her veins: and see, she has a red rag tied round one of her legs; that is a most delightful thing, and the greatest honour that can be given to a creature; that she is not to be lost, but that both animals and men are to know her. Come on; look to your feet; a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide, like father and mother; now curtsey—fine, and say quack!"

And they did so as well as they could; but the other ducks around said aloud, "What! are we to have these also here, as if we were not enough with-out them?—and look how ugly that one is; we will not suffer *him* to be among us;" and so a duck ran and bit him on the neck.

"Let him alone," said his mother; "he does no harm."

"No; but he is such an immense creature, and looks so odd;" said the duck that bit him.

"Your children are very pretty, my good woman," said the old duck, with the red rag round her leg; "very charming, so that one would be glad to be surprised so well; I wish he could be remodelled."

"That is impossible, your ladyship," replied the duck. "He certainly is not handsome, but he has a kind heart, and he swims so nicely, quite like the others—may, perhaps somewhat better; and as he is a drake, it is hardly of such consequence; besides, I think he will be very strong, and then he will get well through the world."

"Your other darlings are charming," said the Spanish duck. "Now regard this as your home; and if you should find a fish's head at any time, you can bring it to me."

And thenceforward they looked upon the poultry-yard as their home. But the poor duckling that was so large and so ugly was scorned and laughted at by the whole poultry-yard. "He is too large!" they said, "He is such a huge ugly creature;" and the turkey-cock, who was born with spurs, and therefore thought himself an emperor, puffed himself out like a ship under sail, and marched straight up to him, and gobbled at him till his head grew red as fire. The poor duckling knew not whether to run or stand still; and felt very sorrowful at being so ugly, and the laughing-stock of the poultry-yard.

Thus it was the first day, and afterwards it grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was persecuted by them all; even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him, and said often, "Would that the cat might catch thee, thou ugly one!" and even his mother said, "Would that thou wert far hence!" And the ducks still bit him, and the hens pecked him, and the servant who fed the poultry kicked him away with her foot.

At length he flew over the hedge; the little birds in the bushes were terrified. "Ah," they said, "I am so ugly!" thought the poor duckling; and he shut his eyes, and ran on, however, until he came to the great fens, where live the wild geese dwell; and there he lay awake he whole night, weary and sorrowful. Next morning the wild geese flew up, and then they discovered their new comrade. "What sort of a creature art thou?" they said, and the duckling turned to all sides, and made his best reverence.—"Thou art very ugly," said the wild geese; "but no matter, if you do not marry into our family." Poor creature! he did not think of marrying, if he were but suffered to lie in the reeds, and drink the muddy water of the fens.

"Bang! bang!" two wild geese fell dead in the fens, and the water grew bloody. "Bang! bang!" whole troops of wild geese rose up from the reeds, the report was again heard. It was a large shooting party. The sportsmen surrounded the fens; some were seated in branches of the trees. The blue smoke from the guns hung like a cloud over the dark leaves and the water: the dogs searched the fens,—What a terror of terror to the poor duckling! He turned his head in order to hide it under his wing which such dreadful sights, and saw an immense dog with flashing eyes and red tongue. He opened his mouth, showed his sharp white teeth, and sunk off. "Thank Heaven," thought the duckling, "that I am so ugly that even a dog will not bite me!"

Some time after, all became silent, but yet he dared not move. He waited several hours; then at last he looked round, and left the fens as fast as possible. Away he ran over the fields and meadows; and the wind blew so high, he confidently go on, about nightfall he reached a poor little cottage. It was so miserable that it did not know to which side to fall, and therefore it stood.

The wind blew higher and higher; and looking eagerly for a shelter, the poor duckling saw that there was room for him to creep in through the crack; and so he did.

There an old woman lived with her cat and hen—the cat could both purr and raise sparks; and when her maid good eggs, and the old women loved them both as if they had been her children.

Next morning the stranger was discovered; but when the hen began to cackle and the cat to mew; this attracted the attention of the old woman.—"What is the matter?" said she; but soon she too observed the duckling, and being short-sighted thought that it was some very large fat duck that had lost its way. "What a good catch I have got; now I shall have duck's eggs. Ah I hope it is an drake: that we shall soon see."

And she waited three weeks, but had no eggs.—And the duckling was master of the house, and the hen was mistress; and whenever they conversed, they always, said, "We and the world." And they imagined themselves the greatest and best part of the world. Sometimes the duckling attempted to be of another opinion, but the hen would immediately say,

"Cao you lay eggs asked she?"

"No," replied the poor duckling.

"Then hold your tongue."

And the cat would say—"Can you catch mice, mew, and purr?"

"No."

"Then you must be silent when wiser people are speaking."

And the duckling sat in one corner of the room, and was very low-spirited, till the sunshine, and the fresh air, of the sunshine, and he longed to glide once more upon the water. At length his desire grew so strong that he could not help telling it to the hen.

"What an idea!" said she. "You have nothing to do, and therefore you have such fancies. Lay eggs, or catch mice, and you will soon forget them."

"But it is so delightful to swim upon the water," said the duckling; "so delightful to bathe in it, to dive down to the bottom."

"Delightful indeed!" answered the hen. "You have lost your wits to a certainty; ask the cat, the cleverest creature I know, if he would like to glide upon the water, or to dive down over our heads, or the old woman (wiser than her there is none in the world), if she would like to swim in the water instead of *clean* cooking?"

"Alas! you do not understand me," said the poor duckling.

"But if we cannot understand thee, who can?—Do you think yourself wiser than the cat or the old woman, even than me? Thank heaven, my child, for your happiness. Do you not live in a warm room, and not amidst the society of suitable acquaintances in the cat and me? But you are ungrateful, and it is not pleasant to hold intercourse with thee. Believe me, I speak upon that I wish you well: for I tell you all these unpleasant things; and that is the sign of a true friend. Now do your best to lay eggs, or learn to purr."

"I will go out into the wide world," said the duckling.

"Pray do," answered the hen.

The wretched duckling left the cottage; he soon met with some water; he plunged into it, and swam with delight to and fro.

It was now autumn, the leaves in the woods became yellow and brown, the wind shook them around, and then hurled them away, the air became cold, the heavy clouds were full of hail and snow; it was a miserable time for the poor duckling.

One evening, just as the sun was setting a whole flock of large beautiful birds darted forth from the bushes; the duckling had never seen anything so fair; they were dazzling white, with long slender necks: it was a swan. They uttered a special their large, glorious wings, and flew away from the cold lands to warmer countries—to the sweet blue lakes; they soared higher and higher, and the poor ugly duckling was quite excited; he turned round like a wheel, and their powers.

He could not forget them, those beautiful, those happy birds, he knew not their name, nor whither they flew, he felt more love to them as he had never felt for anything before: he did not envy them; how could he think of being so lovely, so poor ugly creature as he was? he was glad if even the docks had *suffered him to live* among them.

Winter came and with it the piercing cold of the north: the duckling was soon obliged to keep swimming round and round in the water of a pond, to prevent its freezing; but every night the hole grew smaller, and at length the water froze in a field, so incessantly to keep it open; at length he became very faint, and lay quite besmothed in the ice.

Early next morning a peasant who passed, saw him, broke the ice with his wooden shoe, and bore him home, where he was brought to life again; and the children wished to play with him; but the poor duckling was afraid of them, and in his terror he flew up into the milk-dish, so that half the milk was spilt. The peasant's wife began to scream; this frightened him more, then she struck at him with the meal-box, and out again. Heavens! how odd he looked, all milk and meal! And the woman almost terrified to death how to get rid of him; the children ran after him, laughing and screaming. What luck for the poor duckling that the door was open! he sprang out, and plunged into the snow, where he lay in a sort of lethargy.

But it would be too sad to describe the misery of the wretched and comfortless duckling so long winter. When the snow melted he found himself lying in the fens; soon the sun began to shine warmly, and the larks to sing—the sweet spring was come. Then at once he felt that his wings were far stronger than before, they bore him powerfully, and he found himself in a large garden, where the apple-trees stood in full blossom, and the lilacs exhaled their fragrance, and dipped their long green branches in the deep-winding river. Everything was full of freshness and beauty; and from the forest three fair swans, lightly skimming the waves with their dazzling wings. The duckling recognised the beautiful birds, and his heart throbbed. "I will fly to them, the kingly birds. Perhaps they will kill me, because I who am so ugly have ventured to approach them; but no matter—better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, beaten by the hens, kicked away by the servants, and suffer all that I have done through the long inclement winter;" and he flew out into the water, and swans: they saw him, and approached. "Kill me," said the wretched creature, and bowed his head in the water, and awaited the stroke of death—but what? But what did he see in the clear waves? His own image! and lo! he was no longer a clumsy, swarthy bird, ugly and hateful to the eye, he was *himself* a swan! (It matters not to have been born in a poultry-yard, if one has but lain in the egg of a swan.) He was almost glad at having suffered so much. Now he knew better how to value all the happiness that surrounded him. And the swans swam round him, and stroked him with their beaks.

Some little children came into the garden and cast bread and cakes into the water, and the youngest exclaimed, "There is a new swan!" and the other children rejoiced greatly at it, and ran to their parents, and danced about, and threw more bread and cakes into the water, and they cried, "The new swan is the most beautiful—so young and fair!" and the old swans bowed to him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing, he knew not why; but he felt *too* happy, but not *proud*: for a *kind* heart never becomes proud. He felt how despised he had been, and heard how he was now called the fairest of birds. The fair birds; and the lilacs bowed to him with their graceful branches; and the sun shone out brightly. Then he raised his feathers, his slender neck rejoiced, and from the depth of his heart he exclaimed, "I did no dream of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling."

The following account of a literary adventurer and scoundrel is taken from Sergeant Talford's Final Memorial of Charles Lamb, recently published in England, where it is attracting a good deal of attention.

"Among the contributors who partook of their professional festivities, was a gentleman whose subsequent career has invested the recollection of his appearance in the familiarity of social life with fearful interest—*Mr. Thomas Griffith's Wanwright.* He was then a young man; on the bright side of thirty; with a sort of ambitious military air, and the conversation of a smart, lively, clever, heartless, jake a part in periodical literature, with that careless grace of an amateur who left himself above it. He was an artist also; sketched boldly and graphically; exhibited a port folio of his own drawings of female beauty, in which the voluptuous trembled on the borders of the indelicate; and seized on the critical department of the Fine Arts, both in and out the Magazine, undisturbed by the overweening pretensions of the finest critic on Art who ever wrote—William Hazlett. On this subject, he composed the Chair, under the signature of "Janus Weathercock," articles of flashy assumption —in which disdainful notices of living artists were set off by fascinating references to the personal appearance, accomplishments, and domestic appliances of the writer, ever the first hero of his essay. He created a new sensation in the sedate circle, out side by his own personal graces, by curled fingers, and various neck-bankerchiefs, but by ostentatious contempt for everything in the world but elegant enjoyment. He was the first who had the courage in dissimilitude, fancied that he really liked him: took, as he ever did, the genial side of character, and, instead of disliking him for his vices, even thought pi pleasant to detect so much taste and good nature in a fashionable rout; and regarded all his rapid gains, which so severer critics looked like impertinence, as the playful effusion of a remarkably poieless nature. Thus, when expatiating on his list of choicest friends, in Elia's letter to Southey, he reckons "Wanwright, a wise and warm-as-light hearted," Janus, "of the "London ;" and two years afterwards, adverting to the decline of the Magazine, he says, "Janus Wanwright persists in his belief of Wainwright's light-heartedness as pertinaciously as all the dull conscious dupes in Othello do in the honesty of Iago. I could tell a tale here. They have pulled down Hazlitt, P——, and their best stay, kind, light-hearted W——, their Janus." In elucidation of this apparent lightness of character, it may be instructive to trace the remainder of this extraordinary person's history; for surely no contrast presented by the multiplied vicissitudes of human life can exceed existing Naples or Palermo, and the same hero, detected as the bandit or demon of the forest, equals that which time has unveiled between what Mr. Wainwright seemed and what he was.

"Mr. Wainwright having ceased to contribute to the "London "about the year 1825, when Lamb became wedded to the management of that periodical, was seen in our literary circle, though he retained the acquaintance and regard of some of its members. In the year 1830, he resided in Hinde House, Hinde Street, Manchester Square, in the possession of which he had succeeded his uncle, Dr. Griffiths, who for many years edited a periodical publication of the same name, and had occurred about a year before, after a short illness, while Mr. Wainwright and his wife were visiting in his house on the occasion of the anniversary of her only child. He acquired some property at the death of his uncle, by whose bounty, being early left an orphan, he had been educated; but his experience seems soon to have involved him in many embarrassments and the verge of ruin. His wife's mother, who had died in London House after a short illness, left a property to Mr. Wainwright for the second husband, named Helen Frances Phœbe, and Madeline; Mrs. Wainwright being the daughter of the former marriage. Upon the death of Mrs. Griffiths being left without provision, except a pension of £10 a year each, which had been granted to them, as the daughters of the late editor of the Monthly Review, by the Board of Ordnance, were invited by Mr. Wainwright to visit him at London House, and at the beginning of 1830, with his wife and child, formed his family.

"About this time he formed the remarkable scheme of procuring the eldest of the young ladies to effect insurances on her life, to the amount of many thousands of pounds, for the period of two of three, years. Miss Helen Frances Phœbe Aberdeen was not then of age, but was within a few days of twenty-one, which she attained 12th March, 1830; without expectations, except at some trifling possibility of a reversion upon the death of the proceeds of the pension, without a shilling in the world, while Mr. Wainwright, who supplied the funds for this strange speculation, was in reality still poorer, from his inability to defray the proportion, with ruin daily contracting its circle around him.

"The first proposal was made by Mr. Wainwright, on behalf of Miss Abercrombie, to the Palladium Insurance Office, on 28th March, for £3,000 for three years, at the annual premium of £120. Mr. Wainwright and Miss Abercrombie called together at the office, where the object of the insurance was stated to be to secure a provision for the latter *in party to which the young lady was entitled.* This proposal was accepted, and on the 20th April completed by payment of the yremium of £120, and the policy effected. Within two days, then attended only by Mrs. Wainwright, and the delivery of the policy. On or about the same day, a similar insurance was effected with the Pelican Insurance Office for £3,000, for the term of two years, and the premium for one year and stamp duty were paid by Miss Abercrombie, in the office's presence. In the following October four more policies were effected with the Provident for £2,000; with the Hope for £2,000; with the Albion for £2,000; and with the Pelican for £5,000—each on the life of Miss Abercrombie, and each for the period of two years; so that, at the close of this month of October, the total for the three years' premiums, with the Provident as "a remarkably, healthy, cheerful, beautiful young woman, whose life was one of a thousand," was £360, and for the sum of £12,000 on a life of £3,000 for three years, and for the residue for two years only. Premiums for one year, amounting, with the stamp duty, to upwards of £400, were also actually paid, the premiums which would be required to keep the policies on foot for a second year amounting to £360, and a third year to £120, surviving the first terms of insurance, the whole money would be lost. On every visit to the offices, Miss Abercrombie was accompanied by Mrs. Wainwright; and the appearance of the latter lady, at the office of